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TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND
SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

THE FORTUNES OF GENIUS.

In the 'Atlas,' the other day, was an article, under the above title, the following passages of which induce us to make some remarks upon them. We regret we cannot copy the whole,—it is so well written, and shows such a relish of pleasure, and sympathy with pain. But our limits forbid.

"An acquaintance," says the writer, "with the biography of illustrious musicians proves that they reason incorrectly, and with a short sight, who eternally talk of having the path of genius smoothed, and of setting it above circumstances; for the lives of eminent men of this class display the most admirable energies developed, and the most enthusiastic projects brought to bear, purely by the pressure of the very annoyances sought to be removed. Possession of the creative faculty presupposes a superiority to adverse circumstances and 'low-thoughted care;' and Goldsmith's poet, sitting in his garret with a worsted stocking on his head,

'Where the Red Lion staring o'er the way
Invites each passing stranger that can pay,'

in spite of bailiffs, writs, debts, duns, and milk-scores, the most horrible that even Hogarth imagined, was still a happy fellow. The individual, Mr Jones, seated before a delicate leg of lamb and a bottle of sherry, is an abstraction of the Mr Jones who owes 284*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.*, and has, as the Dutchmen say, *nix* to pay. Satisfied that he would pay if he could, which is all that is necessary to place the *morale* of his character upon high ground, he leaves the affairs of the world to right themselves, and enjoys the everlasting day rule of the imagination. [How well said is this!]—So it was with Fielding, with Goldsmith, with Steele, and others honourable in literature, and so also with Handel, with Mozart, and Weber in music; and it is one of the kindly recompenses of nature by which she contrives, on the whole, to adjust so equitably the good and the evil in this life, that where injury to the individual arises from an excess of sympathy with the mass, that injury is commonly but lightly felt."

We were not aware that the trials of these musicians in pecuniary affairs were so great. The following information respecting Mozart is as startling as it is affecting:—"Who thinks, when he looks over the six great operas of Mozart, and admires the Shakspearian knowledge of character, and the thoughtful discrimination appearing in every movement of them, that those master-pieces were produced amidst a tumult of arrests, and of the lowest annoyances that ever embroiled a life? Nay, it is even said that the family of Mozart at times wanted common necessities. Adversity may have been a sharp thorn in the side of so gentle and enjoying a spirit as Mozart; but it would be affectation to deplore the circumstances that have put the musical world in possession of their most valued treasures."—And here follows something awful respecting Handel,—an awful man. The hurried dashes and dative cases of the writer ("—to his quarrel with Senesino"—"to his madness

and rage"—"to his palsy"—) are like an agitated accompaniment to the facts: "The twenty or thirty folio volumes bearing the names of Handel's oratorios which alone transmit his name to posterity, when we contemplate them in some well ordered library, carry no thought of their having been produced after the composer had received the first signal of death in a stroke of palsy which disabled his arm. Ruin and disease, that fill the minds of men of more feeble powers with thoughts of the narrow coffin and the shroud, made Handel immortal. We owe the 'Messiah' and 'Israel in Egypt' to the composer's obstinate temper—to his quarrel with Senesino and the nobility—to his making rash engagements with singers that compelled him to withdraw his last guinea from the funds to satisfy them—to his madness and rage—to his palsy—to his proceeding to the vapour baths of Aix-la-Chapelle, whence, with the purgation of his humours, reason and religion returned, and persuaded him that there was another style of music yet untried, more likely than operas to suit the grave character of the English. Then followed in rapid succession his immortal oratorios, works in which the pure flame of his genius never shone more brightly, though produced at a late period of life, commenced after the attack of a threatening and fatal disorder, and ended in total blindness."

The question thus opened by the writer in the 'Atlas' is a great puzzle. We confess that in many respects we take the same view of it as himself; for we reverence the past; we are inclined to think best of whatever has taken place, since it *has* taken place,—to conclude that good and evil somehow have adjusted themselves in the best manner; and we have such belief in the predominance of happy over unhappy feelings in the minds of men of genius, that we sometimes think they would have had an unfair portion of joy in their life, had their lot been less counterbalanced by difficulties, ill-health, or whatsoever their troubles may have been.

But the question branches off into some others, which it may not be well for society to lose sight of; especially as by the efforts which Providence incites them to make for the common good, it would seem, that however necessary some portion of evil may always be for the proper relish of good, there may not always exist a necessity for it to an amount so large. One of these collateral questions we shall put.

Is it certain that the men of genius above-mentioned would not have written as much, or as finely, under happier circumstances?

It is natural enough to conclude, that men so careless in worldly matters as Steele and Fielding, and with such a relish of the moment before them, when it contained the least drop of sweet, would perhaps have written *nothing at all*. Frightful supposition! And yet is the supposition likely, considering that very relish? Is it natural for people to be delighted, and hold their tongue? To have fame at their command, and not command it? Or was it necessary for Handel to be so extremely pained, before he could give us his sense of the passionate and the sublime? Was there not suffering enough for him, short of rage and madness? No firmament over his head, nor graves under his feet? Perhaps he yet needed his afflictions,—be it so, since they have happened;—but might it not be perilous in future, seeing that we have become alive to such questions, to run the

risk of steeling the hearts of people against the struggles of genius, if not for the latter's sake, yet for their own; and ultimately, by that process, for both? Whatsoever happens in the world without our being aware of it, we take to be one thing; what otherwise, to be another; and fate and consequence become modified accordingly. If the pain should remain the same after all, we still cannot be certain that it is necessary, however it will become us to hope so when it be past. The peril, meanwhile, is, that we shall be blunting our own feelings, and those of genius too.

Beaumont was of opinion that a man of genius could no more help putting his thoughts on paper, than a man in a burning desert can help drinking when he sees water.

"I know too well, that, no more than the man
That travels through the burning deserts, can
When he is beaten with the raging sun,
Half smother'd in the dust, have power to run
From a cool river, which himself doth find,
E'er he be slak'd; no more can he whose mind
Joys in the Muses, hold from that delight,
When Nature, and his full thoughts bid him write."

Could Fielding have helped writing 'Tom Jones' (the perfectest prose-fiction in the language) whether he had been in trouble or not? Could Steele have helped throwing his lighter, happier graces, round the muse of his friend Addison? Would Goldsmith's craving for reputation have allowed him to be silent with his pen (which was admirable), when he could not even refrain in company with his tongue (which was nothing)? Or does the enjoying critic of the 'Atlas,' whose articles are like variations upon the musical beauties they criticise, dwelling upon them, and winding them in congenial tones round his heart, really think it would have been possible for Mozart to possess all that abundance of the soul of love and pleasure, and not cry aloud?—not burst forth and blossom like the peach trees in spring? not come pouring down from a hundred fountains of song into the surging sea of the orchestra, like the summer clouds from the mountains?

We grant that certain noble kinds of pain may be necessary to produce certain sublimities of composition, whether in musical or other writing: but need the composer be stimulated with the lowest and most humiliating cares, to induce him to write at all, supposing him to be a real genius? Perhaps he would not write so much; but are we sure even of that, supposing him to be put into a condition quite suitable to his nature? Steele and Fielding and Mozart would not have written all the identical same works which they produced; but are we sure that they would not have produced as many, or even better? Well fed birds sing in cages; but the more philosophic of their jailors (strange people!) discern something in the best of their imprisoned songs, inferior to their "wood-notes wild." Does the throistle on the bough, in order to pour gushes of melody from his heart, require a string to his leg, or a blink from some bailiff snake?

Walter Scott assuredly would not have written all his novels, had he not thought circumstances required it; but we should most likely have had his best. 'Waverley' he wrote for love, when he did not dream that he should get a sixpence by it; and 'Old Mortality' and 'The Antiquary' soon followed the publication of that novel—partly, no doubt, for profit, but much also by reason of love encouraged,

and out of a love of the sense of power. These, his best, we should have had; and he would not have been killed by writing his worst.—Oh, Scotland! Oh, England! Oh, Europe! we might say, for he belonged to all,—how could you suffer him to die?

And Burns—that other “glory and shame” of this island—he did not get (so to speak) a penny for his writings; for though, no doubt, he did get a good deal more, yet that was not the reason why he produced them; and numbers of his songs he gave away. Yes; he, the glorious ploughman, and born gentleman, gave his songs away, free as the bird that he took for his crest. Now Burns, if any man ever did, wrote for love, and not for money. Yet his life was full of pecuniary distress.

And observe how many men of genius have written abundantly, who have had no sordid cares,—certainly none that writing settled for them, in a pecuniary sense. Chaucer is an illustrious instance. Spenser another—Milton (though poor) another—Beaumont and Fletcher, Pope, Swift, Addison, Gibbon, Hume, Hooker, Sterne, Lamb, Wordsworth, Jeremy Taylor, in short, almost all our best,—and all the Greek, Roman, and Italian men of genius (for nobody ever got *obolus* or *crasia* for his writings in the classical countries, ancient or modern). In Italy there is no payment of authors, any more than there was among the countrymen of Anacreon and Ovid; yet we have had, nevertheless, the Dantes, Petrarches, and Ariostos. The Homers, to be sure, got their “feed,” in the minstrel times of Greece; but nobody supposes that those amazing rhapsodists would never have opened their mouths, but for King Alcinous's pork-chops.

Then, among musicians—Haydn, we believe, was not distressed; nor the Corellis and Paesiellos. Gluck was rich. Nor have the best of the painters been poor,—the Raphaels, Michael Angelos, and Titians. On the contrary, with the exception of Rembrandt, those who have been best off in wordly affairs, have generally been most abundant in pictorial produce,—sometimes, it is true, by help of the influx of wealth, as in Titian's case; but, at any rate, necessity was not the stimulant. Nor did patronage make them idle. No; because it was true, and lit on true men. The watered tree bore, because it possessed the seed. Do not Hummel, Spohr, and others, write, and write well, though made as comfortable as church-canons in those little snug chapel-masterships of theirs, of which we are told so delightfully in the ‘Ramble among the Musicians in Germany’?

Often and often, we doubt not—perhaps in all instances—has inconsistency of position in men of genius been mistaken for idleness. It may be possible, in many cases, that temperament, or even too much thought, or other conflicting impulses, may produce something, in the appearance, which “the world calls idle;” but the true conflicting impulses, in perhaps all instances, have arisen from incompatibility of calls upon the attention. He who is forced to do incompatible or uncongenial things, does them badly; or he sings, perhaps, at all events, and sings well; but sometimes he cannot sing at all,—the wires of the cage of his necessity press too hard upon him—he wants breathing-room, nature, comfort; he sings at last, partly because he is forced, partly because it solaces him. But try the humane expedient of rescuing him from his worst cares, and see how he would sing then;—if not his most, yet surely his best. At least, so it appears to us.

Blessings, nevertheless, say we, with the genial philosopher of the ‘Atlas,’ upon the trouble and sorrow even of a sordid kind, if we could not have had certain men of genius without them; and blessings, at all events, upon the beauty into which they are converted, and the divine way which Nature has of making bitterness itself blossom and become medicinal. But let us take care how we sow opinions, unqualified, the fruits of which may intoxicate weak heads in after times—with careless assumption, if writers—will selfish references to Providence and necessity, if the arbiters of the fate of writers. Writers of any ability are pretty well off in these times, and have a good patron in the public. But a

time may come, when, by the very process of the abundance of writings, genius may want support; and let us not prepare our children's children to refuse it.

The absurdity of a tragedy, unfortunately, is not always an argument against its chances; but to show how very absurd this principle of leaving men of genius to their fate might become, if driven to all its consequences, let our contemporary, who understands and loves a joke run to seed (no man better), take the following scene between the future patron of a musical genius, and an emissary he has despatched to inquire into his circumstances.

Patron.—Well, Dick, and how did you find him? Will the composition of the new opera go on swimmingly?

Emissary.—According to your Grace, it will, for he is horribly off.

P.—Good. What, in pressing want, eh? Can't afford to be idle?

E.—If he did, he could not eat. The butcher would not trust him. The butcher says he is too honest a man to be trusted; he is such a child.

P.—Excellent! just like your man of genius. And the butcher is a shrewd dog. But our new Mozart must not starve quite; we'll take care of that. Then he has finished, I presume, that capital scene of the feast, with that wonderful joyous dance? and that droll chorus, with the corpulent man in it?

E.—He has; with a lawyer's letter on each side of him, and a face haggard with head-ache.

P. (rubbing his hands).—Capital! We are sure then, you think, of the whole opera?

E.—There is no doubt of it. His five children were looking out of the window, wondering whether the baker would come.

P.—You rejoice me. We shall have a brilliant audience. And what did he say to you?

E.—Oh! he smiled, as usual, and laughed, and said he wondered at his spirits, considering his head-ache; but I thought I almost saw the tears in his eyes, as he said it.

P.—A true genius! That's the way he gets his pathos, Dick. The man is all fire and feeling.

E.—I suspect he would have been glad of a little more “fire” yesterday, for his servant told me he had no coals.

P.—Bravo! Poor fellow! Oh, it's clear we shall do capitally. We must not let his fingers be cold, however, nor the baker fail his children.

E.—Did your Grace ever think of trying what a course of comfort would do for him?

P.—A course of what? Ruin, Dick, ruin. I never did, of course; but who'd write if they could help it?

E. (aside).—Not you, God knows; for it's as much as you can do to spell. Yet this is the great opera patron whom our “new Mozart” calls a “good kind of man, not over imaginative!”

THOUGHTS ON LANGUAGE.

BY ROBERT WERRE.

No. VII.

ALTHOUGH the whole extent and variety of human speech is usually considered as lying within the compass of twenty-four or six letters, the fact, strictly speaking, is far otherwise. In all his affairs man is a creature of shifts and expedients, never quite accomplishing anything, but only devising appearances, and fortunate rather in the amount of his escape from failure, than of success attained; and the scheme of language, with all its appurtenances, exhibits this truth in as striking a manner as the highest moral instance. As language itself is but the weak and erring representative of thought, so are letters the faulty and ambiguous representatives of language. Instead of twenty-four letters, fifty letters would not be sufficient to express all the variations of the voice, if we would consider these with a fastidious ear. The alphabet of a language is like the octave in music; both are, for convenience, divided into a certain limited number of parts, while all intermediate intervals go unnamed. But the speaking voice is no more restricted in nature to a diatonic process than

the singing voice; an attentive consideration of the matter will convince us that there is not any middle point which the voice does not traverse in its rounds, though written language offers no account of it. The letters of the alphabet are therefore no more than the promises—the conspicuous resting-places—of the voice, which, like the steeples and towers of a country, may always be discerned, while many a tract lies between, unspecified in the map of literature. If the pronunciation of all times and nations could be brought under one review, we should behold a scale divided with the utmost chromatic minuteness. The S of one country is not the S of another; ancient Y is not modern Y; French J is not English J; Spanish V not English V; English V not old Roman V; the B of the age of Bion and Bacchylides is not the B wherewith Mr Haines Bailey spells his name; Amphion and Philps rejoice not in the same consonant; neither is Timotheus identical with Thompson. Who can say where F ceases to be F and begins to be V? where D strings itself up into T?—where S relapses into Z? All these are connected by a passage of communication; nor is anyone to imagine that such passage is in its nature a mere *thoroughfare*; there is no point of it where the voice may not rest, just as well as at either of the extremities, usage alone determining its practice in that respect. In one country a particular vowel will be especially shortened, so that we should hardly know what to call it if it were not for the written character accompanying it; in another, some consonant will be made more sharp, more dense, more lax, than accords with our own practice—it will be altogether another letter in fact, yet the same title must be given to it by courtesy. We find it difficult, perhaps impossible, to produce the new sound, and we accordingly set it down as one of those chromatic intervals with which we need have no concern; but a foreigner will probably think the same of different parts of our pronunciation, and with as much justice; for all these varieties are equally component parts of the general scale, and the facility with which we accommodate ourselves to particular notes of it depends entirely on the original key—if I may say so—in which our voice has been cast, and this again on climate, on usage, on education. Thus then, with differences endless, and distinctions few, how defective an instrument writing is needs not further to be insisted upon.

The transmutation of letters is so extraordinary a principle in language, that to the eye of an etymologist, wearied in some recent pursuit after a lost syllable, vowels and consonants must seem like one of those swarms of flies that buzz and flit about one's head in a summer evening's walk; it is one eternal dance and comminglement. It is, perhaps, quite safe to say, that there is not in the alphabet a single letter which has not changed places with every other letter, at one time or another. In the first place, the cognate letters.—These are sworn fellows of one lodge, that are bound by oath to be ready at any moment to do duty one for another. Accordingly, no measures can be kept with them; you call on P, and B opens the door—you inquire for M, and behold W—while conversing with W you suddenly perceive him to be V—but you have no sooner addressed him as V than he becomes F! Then as all the individual letters in one class are united by different degrees of affinity, so are the various classes themselves linked together by some common bond. Thus the labial marries into the lingual family, the lingual into the guttural; M having an affection for N, R seeking an alliance with the throat. Without the recommendation, however, of any apparent sympathy, a continual interchange goes on among letters of every conceivable difference of quality. And that nothing may be wanting to the whimsicality of these changes—to the fantastic freaks of language—we often find a derivative word literally thrown upside down in its appropriation from the parent tongue,—as if a son should take an old coat of his father's and have it turned. Thus the Latin adopts the Greek word *morfe* (μορφή *shape*), but first gets it turned round into *forma* (*form*)—so *delo* (δελος) turned into

hodo—*crpo* (*ἵρρω*) into *repo*,—and many others in the same manner.* Indeed, if any one will examine the different dialects of his own mother tongue, he will not have occasion to go further for specimens of this sort of perversion. The dialects of the Greek, however, will undoubtedly be the most fruitful source of illustration, and perhaps the best worth considering; because these, with all their strong distinctive features, have been fixed, and endowed with virtue, by writings of excellence, and they were not, like our provincial brogues, something to be suppressed and kept out of view, as disgraceful to good speakers, but were recognised forms of speech, that had their literature, and their readers among the educated and polite. These, then, to any one who finds pleasure in this subject, and likes to indulge his speculation as to the causes of fluctuation in speech, and the many curious matters connected with pronunciation, are wide and tempting fields of inquiry, and capable perhaps of being made more productive than they have yet been for purposes of this nature. For me, I feel the necessity of urging forward to other questions, or I shall not be able to maintain the intended proportions of this essay. I must, therefore, endeavour not to give way to any digressions that may extend unnecessarily what further observations I have to make on this part of my subject.

Words undergo four principal kinds of changes; these are by the addition—the omission—the substitution—and the transposition of letters. In these changes there are three principal moving causes,—facility of utterance—euphony—analogy. In deriving a word from another language it may happen that there is some letter in it to which we have none corresponding. In this case two results may follow,—either some character in our own system may express the same sound according to our particular usage—and if so, it is substituted for the foreign character; or, having neither the letter nor the sound of it, we employ one which seems the most nearly to resemble it, or, occasionally, a union of two. Words derived from foreign sources come to us first in *proprâ personâ*; we write them in italics, and we are ambitious of pronouncing them with their native accent; but familiarity begets indifference; we find them useful, and often repeat them; a more rapid utterance soon forces them into an assimilation with other words; a different pronunciation begins to demand a different spelling, and soon obtains it, especially assisted by the fact, that the word, no longer confined to the few critical writers—its first patrons—is now circulating at large, among people whose acquaintance with it has only commenced since its corruption took place, and who have, therefore, no notion why they should hesitate to write it down according to the pronunciation they hear. Such word is then said to be naturalised, it is no longer to be seen adorned with marks of quotation, nor is the elegant tribute of italic print any more awarded to it; but it fares like the multitude, and is presently hurried into a dictionary, looking horribly altered, where indignant, analogy-loving lexicographers howl over it through six successive editions.

Sometimes a foreign sound will be imitated by the

* See numerous examples in Caninius, in his chapter on the letter R (Hellenism p. 37.)—who, however, carries his ingenuity rather too far when he comes to propose such derivations as *quello* from *lille*!

The topsy-turvy work above-mentioned, seems to belong to an inherent propensity in us. If the ear misses the true procession of the sounds which compose a word, it seems most naturally to fall upon a reversion of them; as if the word being disturbed from its position, and not being able to rest on edge, fell altogether on the opposite side. This is very observable in children, as when, missing to say *umbrella*, they make *rumbella* of it, and the like. A ludicrous instance of the kind occurs to me:—A little girl who could not pronounce the word *Williams*, which was the name of a gentleman and lady whom she used often to see, always called it *Millions*. One day, not having seen either of them for some time, suddenly Mr W enters,—“Oh! see,—Millions!”—says she to her mamma; immediately after this Mrs W comes into the room—upon which, with increased surprise, she adds,—“Two Millions!”

Sometimes the transposition will take place in the vowel sounds. I remember an old Scotch woman who had never heard of such an article as *netmeg*, till having frequent occasion to procure it for one whom she was nursing in illness, she invariably introduced it by the name of *netmug*, nor—having once so fixed it in her ear—could she ever after reverse it, though she often tried.

union of two letters, as the Romans rendered the Greek ϕ by P and H;

—“Nos siquando Græcum ϕ necesse est exprimi,

P et H simul solemus — ponere.”

Terentianus Maurus.

Then it will happen that this expedient, itself a departure from true expression, will give rise to a further corruption, by the suppression of one of these two sounds in pronunciation; and, finally, this omission in speech will lead to the omission in writing; nay, further, the only remaining letter may subsequently undergo one of those metamorphoses from which, as we have seen, no word is secure any day in the year. Thus, for example, *κεφαλή* (*kephale*) gives the Latin *caput*, *ph* being turned into *p*; from *caput* (Italian, *capo*) comes Spanish *cabo*; from Spanish *cabo* (or again from the Italian) French *chef*, (observe the *ch* too), and from *chef* (English, *chief*) the further variety of *achever*, and *achieve*. The Romans generally dropped the aspirate, in these cases, after the word had become familiar, as *charus*, afterwards *carus*, *litus* from *λίθος*, *pulex* from *ψύλλος* (these being also probably, at first, written *lithus* and *pulex*, or *spulex*, agreeably to the analogy of the reputed parent *Æolic*), *purpura* from *πορφύρα*, &c. Sometimes, on the contrary, the aspirate seems to have been retained, and its yoke-fellow dropped, as in *Hæu* from $\phi\upsilon$. With us *Ph* and *F* are identical in pronunciation, but the ϕ of the Greeks was unquestionably an aspirate. It is related by Quintilian that when Cicero pleaded for Fundanius, a Greek witness being examined excited the orator's merriment by his mode of pronouncing his client's name, which he could only call *Phundanius*. I am inclined to think that the Roman *F*, however, was a very different *F* from ours—a sharper, more asperated consonant. I cannot otherwise account for all that Quintilian says of it, who speaks of it as a sort of monster infesting the language, a letter “hardly human,”—a description which our present acquaintance with *F* will not justify.

That acute scholar, Dawes, has an ingenious piece of criticism on the above passage in Quintilian, the justness of which it is perhaps my own fault that I do not perceive. He is of opinion that the error of the Greek witness must have consisted in substituting a *V* for *F* in the word *Fundanius*, from which he draws conclusions in confirmation of his views respecting the double power of the *Fau*. If the Greek had formed his acquaintance with this word from seeing it in writing, it is possible he might have pronounced it as Dawes imagines, being misled by the appearance of the *F*, which resembled the *Æolic* Digamma; but it is more fair to suppose that the man—probably ignorant of the Latin language—had nothing but his ear for his guide, and imitated the sound of *F* in the Roman name, as he heard it banded about the court, with as near an approach to it as his own pronunciation furnished; and that was ϕ . Dawes was, however, very ignorant of the principles of pronunciation, and his profound learning and great critical ingenuity did not prevent his sometimes running headlong into error. In one place he fiercely objugates Dionysius of Halicarnassus for holding the very opinion for which he himself at the time is strenuously contending, and which he quotes other authorities to establish;—not perceiving that that which he impugns is in fact his most decisive witness. We all know that *W* is nothing more than the vowel sound *oo* quickly united to the next letter, as *oo-ight*—*wight*. This, our present sound of *W*, is proved very satisfactorily to have been the Digamma of the *Æolians*, expressed by a character which has the appearance of a mutilated *F*. The other authorities which Dawes cites satisfy him because they represent this by the letter *V*, which among the Romans had also the power of a *W*; but Dionysius represents it by the diphthong

* Terentianus speaks here, however, of the practice which obtained in the more critical age of the Roman language, and not of the ancient period, when this union of *P* and *H* for ϕ was unknown, and *P* alone used.

Ou,—“the like of which,” says Dawes, “never occurred to any other waking man.” (“Quod nemini unquam alii *ed'v' ouisios* in mentem venit.”) Now this is precisely what he wanted!—*Ou* (i.e. the vowel sound in the word *poor*, the French *ou* in *court*) being prefixed to any of his Greek examples, just gives him the result he would have—*Αυαξ*, *ουαυαξ*, *ελεν*, *ουελεν*, &c. In the matter of the Digamma, much of the dubiety which has been felt among grammarians seems to have resulted from an ignorance or uncertainty respecting the power of the Roman *V*. The affinity of the two appeared probable enough from the course of etymology; but many, mistaking the Roman *V* for a consonant equivalent to the modern *V*, would very naturally be led from that first error into the other of deeming the *Æolic* letter identical with Roman *F*, with which *V*, the labial consonant, is so closely allied in sound as to render frequent substitution no matter of surprise. Now the fact is, that but for the striking confirmation which this very place in Dionysius, on which Dawes vents his indignation throughout several pages, incidentally affords, the whole question would be one much more open to cavil than it is. By introducing these two vowels to describe the power of the Digamma, he enables us to see, clearly and satisfactorily, what we before beheld in a glimmering light only—viz., that that power was, in good earnest, modern *W* (and so therefore the Roman *V*)—since of this letter those two vowels, joined as a diphthong, represent, as has been seen, the true elementary character.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LXXXIII. — LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MULL'D SACK.

[MULL'D SACK was a highwayman in the time of the Stuarts, who obtained his name from being addicted to the beverage of Falstaff. We are not disposed lightly to admit heroes of his profession into the lists of Romance; but a man who, besides his ambitious larcenies upon ladies and colonels, has picked the pocket, first of Oliver Cromwell, and afterwards of Charles the IInd, thus performing the part of a sort of retributive justice on behalf of the people, has claims upon our amazement, which may reasonably give him a lift with the impartial historian.]

This most notorious fellow (says our authority Granger) was the son of one Cottingham, a haberdasher of small wares in Cheapside; but his father being a boon companion, so wasted his substance, that he died so poor as to be buried by the parish. He left fifteen daughters and four sons, the youngest of whom was this *Mull'd Sack*. At eight years of age he was, by the overseers of the parish, put out apprentice to a chimney-sweeper of St Mary-le-Bow, to whom he served about five years; and having then entered his teens, he thought himself as good a man as his master; whereupon he ran away, as thinking he had learnt so much of his trade as was sufficient for him to live upon, and his heirs for ever.

He had no sooner quitted his master, than he was called by the name of *Mull'd Sack* (though his real name was *John Cottingham*), from his usually drinking sack mull'd, morning, noon, and night. To support this extravagant way of living he took to picking pockets, and carried on this profession with great success; and among others he robbed was the *Lady Fairfax*, from whom he got a rich gold watch, set with diamonds, in the following manner:—“This lady used to go to a lecture, on a week-day, to Ludgate church, where one Mr Jacomb preached, being much followed by the precisians. *Mull'd Sack* observing this, and that she constantly wore her watch hanging by a chain from her waist, against the next time she came there he dressed himself like an officer in the army; and having his comrades attending him like troopers, one of them takes off the pin of a coach-wheel that was going upwards through the gate, by which means it falling off, the passage was obstructed, so that the lady could not alight at the church door, but was forced to leave her coach without, which *Mull'd Sack* taking advantage of, readily presented himself to her ladyship, and having the impudence to take her from her gentleman-usher, who attended her alighting, led her by the arm into the church; and by the way, with a pair of keen or sharp scissors for the purpose, cut the chain in two, and got the watch clean away, she

not missing it till sermon was done, when she was going to see the time of the day.

After many narrow escapes from being taken in the act of plundering, Mull'd Sack was at length detected in the act of picking the pocket of Oliver Cromwell, as he came out of the Parliament-house, and had like to have been hanged for the fact; but the storm blowing over, he was so much out of conceit with picking pockets, that he took up another trade, which was robbing on the highway; and following this practice with one Tom Chenney, they were audacious enough to rob Colonel Hewson, at the head of his regiment, when marching into Hounslow; but being quickly pursued by some troopers which lay in that town, Chenney's horse falling him, he was taken, while Mull'd Sack got clear off. Chenney, desperately wounded, was brought prisoner to Newgate; and shortly after, when the sessions came on at the Old Bailey, he would have avoided his trial by pleading weakness, and the soreness of his wounds; but this had no effect upon the court, for they caused him to be brought down in a chair; from whence, as soon as he had received sentence of death, which was about two o'clock in the afternoon, he was carried in a cart to Tyburn, and there executed.

Mull'd Sack, having thus lost his companion, was resolved in future to rob on the highway himself alone, though he kept company with the greatest highwaymen that were ever known in any age; and such was his genius, that by their conversation he became as expert a robber on the road as any man whatever; for, whilst he followed that profession, he got as much money as all the thieves then in England. He always went habited like, and was reputed a merchant, for he constantly wore a watchmaker's and jeweller's shop in his pocket, and could at any time command 1000*l*.

Having notice by his spies that the general-receiver at Reading was to send 6000*l*. to London by an ammunition-waggon and convoy, he prevented that way of carriage by conveying it up himself on horseback, breaking into the receiver's house at night-time, and carried off the booty undiscovered. The loss being so great, strict inquiry was set on foot, when it was discovered that Mull'd Sack was the principal in the robbery; whereupon he was watched, waylaid, apprehended, and sent down prisoner to Reading, and from thence, at the assizes, conveyed to Abingdon, where, not wanting money, he procured such a jury to be empanelled, that though Judge Jermy did what he could to hang him, there being very good circumstantial proof, as that he was seen in the town the very night when the robbery was committed, yet he so baulked the evidence, and so affronted the Judge, by bidding him come off the bench, and swear what he said, as judge, witness, and prosecutor too, for so perhaps he might murder him by presumption of evidence, as he termed it, that the jury brought him in guiltless.

He had, however, not been long at liberty before he killed one John Bridges, to have the more free egress and regress with his wife, who had kept him company for above four years; but the deceased's friends resolved to prosecute the murderer to the uttermost. He fled beyond sea; and at Cologne he robbed King Charles II, then in his exile, of as much plate as was valued at 1,500*l*.; then flying into England again, he promised to give Oliver Cromwell some of his Majesty's papers, which he had taken with his plate, and discover his correspondents here; but not making good his promise, he was sent to Newgate, and receiving sentence of death, was hanged in Smithfield-grounds, in April 1659, aged fifty-five years.

THE WEEK.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

PALEY.

[FROM THE 'PERSONAL AND LITERARY MEMORIALS' MENTIONED IN OUR LAST. The new edition of Paley's 'Natural Theology,' introduced by the Discourse of Lord Brougham, has given a fresh interest to the character of this celebrated divine; who besides the curiosity he excites by his talents, begets more sympathy in the minds of society in general than they choose to acknowledge, by his extraordinary mixture of candour and expediency.]

According to the author of the 'Memorials' (and therefore we have no doubt of the statement) Paley, who presents such a *smug* aspect in the engravings of him, was a coarse, vulgar-looking man, who neither was, nor pretended to be very refined, in other respects. He wore silver buckles at his knees and in his shoes.

He was talking as I entered; and I perceived, with much surprise, that he spoke a very broad northern dialect. He had passed, indeed, great part of his life in the north of England; but he had been educated and lived long at Cambridge, and had seen a good deal of the world. Perhaps he was vain of this singularity: perhaps he would not seem to wish

to correct what he found he could not cure without difficulty, and so gave up the attempt. I heard him repeat three or four times the word "noodge," pushing his elbows at the same time towards the sides of those who stood nearest to him: this motion explains the meaning of a word not very generally in use among scholars, nor in good company. But Paley's merits, though they might have been recommended by polished manners, were superior to them, and wanted them not; and his learning was the more agreeable by being entirely free from formality, pedantry, or assumption of literary importance. I could not learn to what all this "noodging" referred, as the story was finished; and, soon after, dinner was announced.

When we were seated at table, the mistress of the house said, "Mr Subdean, what will you be pleased to eat?"—"Eat, madam? eat everything, from the top of the table to the bottom—from the beginning of the first course to the end of the second." Then, putting on an air of grave doubt and deliberation:—"There are those pork *staakes*: I had intended to proceed, regularly and systematically, *through* the ham and fowls to the beef; but those pork *staakes* stagger my system." I sat next to him: he turned suddenly upon me:—"Mr —, what would you do in such a case?" As I had to answer the first question proposed to me by the great Dr Paley, I endeavoured to do so in choice and correct phraseology. I said that when the end was the same, and the means equally innocent and indifferent—Paley had a quick and nice tact on all occasions: whether he understood the preciseness of my sentence as in jest or in earnest I know not; but, not allowing me to finish it, he cried out—"Ay, I see you are for the pork *staakes*. Give me some of that dish!"—naming neither pork steaks nor ham and fowl.

Every one who has heard Paley converse must be aware how much his talk loses by being written down: no speech of the greatest orator, not even that to which was applied "*quid si ipsum vidisses?*" could lose by transcription more of its force and effect. Paley's eloquence, however, did not, like that orator's, consist in his action: that was by no means graceful. His utterance was at times indistinct; and when the persons to whom he talked were near him, he talked between his teeth; but there was a variety and propriety of inflexion in the tones of his voice—an emphasis so pronounced, and so clearly conveying his meaning and feeling, assisted too by an intelligent smile or an arch leer,—that not only what was really witty appeared doubly clever, but his ordinary remarks seemed ingenious.

A party was assembled in the subscription news-room. Some one came up to him and made an excuse for a friend, who was obliged to defer an intended visit to the subdeanery, because a man who had promised to pay him some money in April, could not pay it till May. "A common case," said Paley.—We all laughed. Paley, by way of rewarding us for our complaisance in being pleased with what was recommended chiefly by the quaintness of his manner, went on:—"A man should never *pay mooney* till he can't help it; *soomethin' maay* happen." These last three words were pronounced slowly, and with much affected seriousness.

At an other time he said—"I always desire my wife and daughters to pay ready money. It is of no use to desire them to buy only what they want; they will always imagine they want what they wish to buy: but that paying ready money is such a check upon their imagination."

We, that is the society of the place, dined at the subdeanery. The weather was excessively cold; the fire in the room in which we dined had been lighted but just before dinner; we were all chilled. Paley felt it to be useless to make apologies for what might have been so easily prevented; he talked of a dinner-party, "an improvement upon this room, for they dined out of doors." To one of the company who was helping to the *trifle*, as it is here called—"Captain —, you seem to be up to the elbows in suds; send me some of that; dig deep." I observed, that immediately after dinner he sent for his tooth-pick case, and was impatient till it was brought; that he drank very sparingly, of white wine chiefly; and that some gingerbread was served, not as part of the dessert, but to him alone.

After dinner, one of the party said, "Mr Subdean, if you will give me leave, I'll stir the fire." Paley rushed from his end of the table: "I understand your trick! you want to have an opportunity of warming yourself. 'These are reflections of a mind at ease: I have been farther from the fire than any of you: give me the poker.'" When we were seated round the fire, he gave me a letter: "It relates to the hare we had at dinner. It is written by a farmer, a tenant to the Dean and Chapter. Nay, read it aloud." I read:—"Reverend Sir, I request your honour's acceptance of a hare, as I mean to ask a favour in a short time. I am, &c., &c." Paley said, "As the Dean remarked, so many thousand presents have been made with the same intention, yet the motive was never so honestly avowed before."

I said, "I hope the farmer will obtain the favour."—"Very likely he will."

His education had been sufficiently hardy. "My Father rode to Peterborough, and I rode after him, on a horse I could not manage. I tumbled off. My father, without looking back, cried out, 'Get up again, Will!'"

"When I set up a carriage, it was thought right that my armorial bearings should appear on the panels. Now, we had none of us ever heard of the Paley arms; none of us had ever dreamed that such things existed, or ever had been. All the old folks of the family were consulted; they knew nothing about it. Great search was made, however, and at last we found a silver tankard, on which was engraved a coat of arms. It was carried by common consent that these *must* be the Paley arms; they were painted on the carriage, and looked very handsome. The carriage went on very well with them; and it was not till six months afterwards that we found out that the tankard had been *bought at a sale!*" His looks and manner were an admirable running commentary on this story, and rendered it superfluous for him to make, and he did not make, any remark upon it.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. XXIII.—KING JOHN.

'KING JOHN' is the last of the historical plays we shall have to speak of; and we are not sorry that it is. If we are to indulge our imagination, we had rather do it upon an imaginary theme; if we are to find subjects for the exercise of our pity and terror, we prefer seeking them in fictitious danger and fictitious distress. It gives a *soreness* to our feelings of indignation or sympathy, when we know that in tracing the progress of sufferings and crimes, we are treading upon real ground, and recollect that the poet's "dream" denoted a *foregone conclusion*—irrevocable ills, not conjured up by fancy, but placed beyond the reach of poetical justice. That the treachery of King John, the death of Arthur, the grief of Constance, had a real truth in history, sharpens the sense of pain, while it hangs a leaden weight on the heart and the imagination. Something whispers us that we have no right to make a mock of calamities like these, or to turn the truth of things into the puppet and play-thing of our fancies. "To consider thus" may be "to consider too curiously;" but still we think that the actual truth of the particular events, in proportion as we are conscious of it, is a drawback on the pleasure as well as the dignity of tragedy.

'King John' has all the beauties of language and all the richness of the imagination to relieve the painfulness of the subject. The character of King John himself is kept pretty much in the back-ground; it is only marked in by comparatively slight indications. The crimes he is tempted to commit are such as are thrust upon him rather by circumstances and opportunity than of his own seeking: he is here represented as more cowardly than cruel, and as more contemptible than odious. The play embraces only a part of his history. There are however few characters on the stage that excite more disgust and loathing. He has no intellectual grandeur or strength of character to shield him from the indignation which his immediate conduct provokes: he stands naked and defenceless, in that respect, to the worst we can think of him: and besides, we are impelled to put the very worst construction on his meanness and cruelty by the tender picture of the beauty and helplessness of the object of it, as well as by the frantic and heart-rending pleadings of maternal despair. We do not forgive him the death of Arthur because he had too late revoked his doom and tried to prevent it, and perhaps because he has himself repented of his black design, our *moral sense* gains courage to hate him the more for it. We take him at his word, and think his purposes must be odious indeed, when he himself shrinks back from them. The scene in which King John suggests to Hubert the design of murdering his nephew is a master-piece of dramatic skill, but it is still inferior, very inferior, to the scene between Hubert and Arthur, when the latter learns the orders to put out his eyes. If anything ever was panned, heart-piercing, mixing the extremes of

terror and pity, of that which shocks and that which soothes the mind, it is this scene. We will give it entire, though perhaps it is tasking the reader's sympathy too much.

Enter Hubert and Executioner.

HUBERT. Heat me these irons hot, and look you stand

Within the arras; when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

EXECUTIONER. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

HUBERT. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you; look to't.—

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

ARTHUR. Good morrow, Hubert.

HUBERT. Morrow, little Prince.

ARTHUR. As little prince (having so great a title To be more prince) as may be. You are sad.

HUBERT. Indeed I have been merrier.

ARTHUR. Mercy on me!

Methinks nobody should be sad but I;
Yet I remember when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,
So were I out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long.
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practices more harm to me.
He is afraid of me, and I of him.

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
Indeed it is not, and I would to heav'n
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

HUBERT. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead;
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. *[Aside.]*

ARTHUR. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day?

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you.
Alas, I love you more than you do me.

HUBERT. His words do take possession of my bosom.

Read here, young Arthur— *[Shewing a paper.]*
How now, foolish rheum, *[Aside.]*
Turning dis-piteous torture out of door!

I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?

ARTHUR. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.
Must you with irons burn out both mine eyes?

HUBERT. Young boy, I must.

ARTHUR. And will you?

HUBERT. And I will.

ARTHUR. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again;

And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,

Saying, what lack you? and where lies your grief?
Or, what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,

And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.

Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, and if you will:

If heav'n be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, and never shall,
So much as frown on you?

HUBERT. I've sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

ARTHUR. Oh, if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd a tongue but Hubert's.

HUBERT. Come forth; do as I bid you.

[Stamps, and the men enter.]

ARTHUR. O save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out

Ev'n with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

HUBERT. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

ARTHUR. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heav'n's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound.

Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb.

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

HUBERT. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

EXECUTIONER. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed. *[Exit.]*

ARTHUR. Alas, I then have chid away my friend.

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart;
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

HUBERT. Come boy, prepare yourself.

ARTHUR. Is there no remedy?

HUBERT. None, but to lose your eyes.

ARTHUR. O heav'n! that there were but a moth in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense:

Then feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

HUBERT. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

ARTHUR. Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert;

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O spare mine eyes!

Though to no use, but still to look on you.
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

HUBERT. I can heat it, boy.

ARTHUR. No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief.

Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes; see else yourself.

There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heav'n hath blown its spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on its head.

HUBERT. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

ARTHUR. All things that you shall use to do me wrong,

Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

HUBERT. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes

For all the treasure that thine uncle owns:
Yet I am sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

ARTHUR. O, now you look like Hubert. All this while

You were disguised.

HUBERT. Peace, no more. Adieu,
Your uncle must not know but you are dead.

I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

ARTHUR. O heav'n! I thank you, Hubert.

HUBERT. Silence, no more; go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. *[Exeunt.]*

His death afterwards, when he throws himself from his prison-walls, excites the utmost pity for his innocence and friendless situation, and well justifies the exaggerated denunciations of Falconbridge to Hubert whom he suspects wrongfully of the deed.

"There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.
—If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair:
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on: or would'st thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up."

[To be continued next week.]

FINE ARTS AND LITERATURE.

The Mining Review, and Journal of Geology, Mineralogy, and Metallurgy. Conducted by H. English, Esq. No. VII. Simpkin and Marshall.

The Mining Review! What, then, have the deep recesses of the earth come forward in these publishing days, to contribute their quota to the periodical literature! Truly they have. Mother earth has raised her hollow voice, and tells us of things old and wonderful, new and strange.

The volume before us is, as its title purports, a journal of mining transactions. From the tone of the writing it appears too exclusively devoted to the interests of certain Cornish establishments, which we hold to be an objection, inasmuch as it is likely to limit its sale. Exclusiveness begets exclusion. The account, however, of the consolidated mines in Cornwall is one of the most interesting papers we have ever perused; so potent and artful is the mechanism employed, so vast and grand the scenery it describes within the gloomy earth. The sinking of the new shaft is one of the most amazing triumphs of modern practical science.

"The new shaft was called Francis's shaft, in compliment to the late Captain William Francis, then principal agent of the concern; and, from the pre-

cision and dispatch with which it was executed, may be considered as one of the most remarkable performances which the art of mining has afforded.

"The situation chosen was north of the other shafts, and on the line of the old lode, which it was to intersect in depth, the underlie being about eighteen inches per fathom. Cross cuts were driven under this point from the adit, the 40, 70, 100, 120, 135 fathom levels; and while the upper portion of the shaft was sinking below the surface, the operation of sinking and rising were carried on from each of the cross cuts above mentioned, and also from the 150 and 160 fathom levels, which were already in the proper line, the ground thus being opened in fifteen different points at once. The total depth of the shaft was about 205 fathoms, and on the 31st of December, 1829 (in the March of which year it had been begun), the anxiety of the agents was relieved by correctly holding through the last bar of ground, which intervened between the surface and the bottom. Thus in about nine months and a half a perfect shaft, exceeding 200 fathoms in depth, was sunk from the surface; a work which, but for the skill and boldness with which geometry has latterly been applied to the art of mining, would have taken years to complete, as well as requiring a much greater expense than it actually occasioned. Indeed, it is more than probable that, if attended by these drawbacks, this and many similar works, whose value is in a great measure owing to the economy and expedition with which they can be effected, would never have been executed.

"So great was the accuracy and skill with which the dialings and measurements for this work were conducted, by the agents who had charge of these important operations, that, after the necessary squaring, Francis's shaft was as perfect as if sunk from the surface only, nor could any irregularity be observed at the junction of different portions."

AN INESTIMABLE PIECE OF ADVICE.

Rousseau :—My mind has certain moments of repose, or rather of oscillation, which I would not for the world disturb.—*Musie*, eloquence, friendship, bring and prolong them. *Malesherbes* :—Enjoy them, my dear friend, and convert them, if possible, to months and years. *It is as much at your arbitration on what theme you shall meditate, as on what field you shall botanise*; and you have as much at your option the choice of your thoughts, as of the keys of your harpsichord. *Rousseau* :—If this were true, who could be unhappy? *Malesherbes* :—Those of whom it is not true; those who from want of practice cannot manage their thoughts, and who have few to select from, and who, because of their sloth or of their weakness, do not roll away the heaviest from before them.—*Landon's Imaginary Conversations.*

DISTINCTION BETWEEN MORALITY AND MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

The old play-writers are distinguished by an honest boldness of exhibition, they show everything without being ashamed. If a reverse in fortune be the thing to be personified, they fairly bring us to the prison-grate and the alms basket. A poor man on our stage is always a gentleman; he may be known by a peculiar neatness of apparel, and by wearing black. Our delicacy, in fact, forbids the dramatizing of distress at all. It is never shown in its essential properties; it appears but as the adjunct to some virtue, as something which is to be relieved, from the approbation of which relief the spectators are to derive a certain soothing of self-referred satisfaction. We turn away from the real essences of things to hunt after their relative shadows, moral duties; whereas, if the truth of things were fairly represented, the relative duties might be safely trusted to themselves, and moral philosophy lose the name of a science.—*Lamb's Specimens.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE tone of CANTAR's letter has highly obliged us. We have prepared some remarks on the subject in question, which have been delayed; but they will appear. The same cause of delay has postponed Mr BARNARD's letter to another week.

The friendly remarks and suggestions of D. G., whether he agrees with or differs from us, are always welcome. We have never given up our intention of resuming the subject he speaks of; but none but an Editor can tell the perplexities that beset a Journal on all sides, with regard to what is thought most advisable.

Best thanks to Mr. R. C.

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES.

Memoir of the Life and Public Services of Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, F.R.S., &c. &c. By his Widow. A new edition. 2 vols. post 8vo. London: James Duncan.

THIS is a new, and cheap, and convenient edition of a work of singular interest; and Lady Raffles, by omitting the many official documents and statements which, though perhaps necessary in the first instance, to do full justice to the public character of her husband, certainly encumbered the quarto volumes, has greatly improved the work, or at least rendered it far more attractive to the general reader—and this from her own account is what she proposed to herself. Indeed the mere change of form from the quarto to the commodious octavo is in itself an immense advantage, to say nothing of the great difference of price. The main materials of the book are so excellent, so admirably adapted to stand as bright examples and encouragements to those who have to make their way to knowledge, honour, and competence by their own exertions, and against a head stream of seemingly insurmountable difficulties and most discouraging reverses, that we hope the volumes will be universally read by the young, and find a place in every library in the kingdom. We are the more earnest in this hope, as in all this gifted man's notes and letters (which constitute the greater part of the work) there breathe the most noble spirit of patriotism and independence, the most expansive benevolence, the most generous aspirations for the improvement, and moral and physical elevation of all mankind; and in everyone of his actions (for his deeds kept pace with his thoughts and words) there is a high-mindedness, a total absence of sordidness or selfishness of any kind, and occasionally an heroism, a sublimity of motive and object that cannot be too frequently made subjects of contemplation and reverence. When conflicting interests are no longer heard of, and present or recent disputes utterly forgotten, the East India Company will claim no slight degree of admiration from the single circumstance of having fostered so many youths, who in her employment became most able and distinguished men, and who were not less distinguished by their virtues than by their abilities. Among these much honoured Britons who have laboured in the East, though there are high names among the living, as also among the recently dead, we do not believe there is one superior to Thomas Stamford Raffles.

If his memoirs had not been before the world for some time, we certainly should give as copious an analysis, with extracts from them, as the limits of our journal permit; but even as it is, and at the risk of repeating what some of our readers may already know, we will allude to a few incidents of this remarkable life. So excellent an example cannot well be too frequently presented to the world.

Raffles was essentially a man of the people, inheriting no honours except those of an honest name, and no estates or wealth of any kind. His father was the skipper or commander of a West Indiaman, and he was born at sea, on board his father's ship, on the 5th of July 1781, off the island of Jamaica. After passing two years at a boarding-school at Hammersmith, he was removed from his studies and placed, when only fourteen years of age, as an extra clerk in the East India House. "I was thus," he says himself in a modest and truly touching manner, "forced to enter on the busy scenes of public life as a mere boy. My leisure hours, however, still continued to be devoted to favourite studies; and with the little aid my allowance afforded, I contrived to make myself master of the French language, and to prosecute inquiries into some of the branches of literature and science. This was, however, in stolen moments, either before the office hours in the morning, or after them in the evening. I look back to these days of difficulty and application with some degree of pleasure. I feel that I did all that I could

to improve myself, and I have nothing to reproach myself with."

These words, so encouraging to others, were written many years afterwards, when, by force of his steady application, he had risen to posts of high honour and power, and made himself an accomplished scholar and excellent naturalist, notwithstanding the almost incessant labours that attended the various offices he had held in India. He continued all through life to regret the deficiencies of his early education; but we are not quite sure that his self-tuition was not as good as the education he would have got at schools and colleges, and his early initiation into business certainly better fitted him for the avocations that afterwards fell to him than years spent at Oxford or Cambridge would have done. A person who, besides learning the Malay, the Javanese, and other Eastern living languages, made himself sufficiently master of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, to be able to read them currently, and for his amusement and private instruction, had surely no reason to complain of a neglected education; and, in addition to these acquirements, and to law and the rules of administration, and the many things he had to learn for the proper discharge of his duties, Raffles amassed much knowledge in botany, mineralogy, and more especially in zoology. He had probably more general information than half the professors going. But so it is;—there is a sort of superstition attached to colleges, and to what is called a learned education, and while those who can command the advantages too commonly neglect them, those who have not had the opportunity are too apt to regret them, and attach more importance to them than they deserve.

While young Raffles, though chained to a desk in Leadenhall street, was still struggling after intellectual wealth, his father fell into pecuniary difficulties. On this the noble-hearted boy shortened his hours of study, and lengthened those of his merely mechanical labours. His widow says:—

"By his extra work at his office he obtained an addition to his salary, which was not appropriated to any selfish purpose, but all he earned was carried home to his parents. His affection to his mother was always one of the strongest feelings of his heart. At this time, with that self-denying devotion to the happiness of others, which was his distinguishing quality through life, he deprived himself of every indulgence, that he might devote to her his hard-earned pittance; and in after days of comparative affluence he delighted in surrounding her with every comfort."

The blessing of heaven, the esteem and favour of the world, could hardly fail to attend such conduct! This is like reading some of Crabbe's most touching domestic poetry, or, better still, the real story of Crabbe's own early struggles. We love the memory of Raffles for this, among many other reasons—he never attempted to conceal the poverty and obscurity of his early life; and we most highly esteem Lady Raffles, because she is capable of the same frankness, and can thus speak of her husband. It is strange, and almost unaccountable, how it should be so, but owing to the empty pride, the upstart arrogance, the contempt for what is called *low birth*, the horror of homely industry and usefulness, the sneering, tittering superciliousness that pervade and disgrace a large portion of our aristocratic society, people who get up to its level by their own merits are too frequently ashamed of what does them most honour, and nervously draw a veil over all their natural connexions, and all the difficulties that have attended the days of their youth. And yet to us it only seems to require a little bold sincerity to check this insolence, and emancipate from the dread of it the men who have been the architects of their own fortunes. "His father was a common shoe-maker," said one of this coterie, in speaking of an individual who had risen high in the world—"That's very true; but if your father had been a shoe-maker, you would never have been anything but a cobbler yourself," was the retort of the gentleman it was intended to insult.

Raffles appears never to have had a strong con-

stitution, and his long confinement to his desk, with his severe application to his studies after his office hours, seriously threatened his health. "He was ordered to relax his exertions, and to leave his office for a time; he obeyed, and obtained a fortnight's leave of absence." The use which he made of this short period of recreation is very characteristic: he seized on the moment to indulge that love of mountain scenery, so strong in most youthful minds, so happily undying and unfading in its exciting, joyous feeling. He resolved to go into Wales,—set off on foot, and walked at the rate of thirty and forty miles a day,—accomplished his object, and returned to his desk with restored health."

His absolute passion for picturesque scenery, his perseverance in travelling, and ready and cheerful submission to difficulties and privations, accompanied him through life, as did also a charming simplicity of tastes and feelings. The things that pleased him as a humble extra clerk in the India House, continued to delight him when he was Lieutenant-Governor at Java or Sumatra. Plants, flowers, and animals, were never-failing sources of enjoyment to him; and his widow informs us that he would spend hours in fondling and domesticating the curious animals that were brought to him in India.

"He entered with the most child-like simplicity into occupations and pleasures which many would consider beneath their notice; a mountain scene would bring tears into his eyes; a flower would call forth a burst of favourite poetry; it was, perhaps, peculiar to himself, to be able to remark on his last return to England, that he had never seen a horse-race,—never fired a gun."

In 1805 Raffles, who though poor and unprotected had made himself known in his office and to the Secretary of the Court of Directors by his industry and abilities,—was sent out to Penang as Assistant Secretary to a new establishment the Company had formed there. This, in itself, was high promotion for a young man of twenty-four; but being once placed in situations of great difficulty and responsibility, he soon proved to the Company that he was capable of discharging the duties of the very highest offices.

The information he obtained about the Malay nation, the Moluccas, and all the islands of the Indian Archipelago, appears to have been most complete; and he himself not only suggested the reduction of Java, but arranged almost everything connected with the expedition that conquered that island. His amiability worked in favour of his policy. Unlike most of our Nabobs, who considered it degrading to associate with the blacks and half-castes, Raffles always courted the society of the natives, inviting them to his house, and treating them with consideration, kindness, and confidence. Hence, wherever he went he obtained the best local information from the best sources, and there was nothing these people would not do for him. At the same time it should be mentioned, that he entered heart and soul into whatever he considered likely to advance the civilization of the natives, and never considered his own success or the prosperity of the establishment entrusted to his management, apart from the prosperity of the people. Several of his notions in administration and practical political economy which may look like truisms now, could scarcely be called truisms a quarter of a century ago; and then Raffles, when not hampered by instructions from Leadenhall street, applied his liberal theory, and acted up to it. The onerous monopolies, the short-sighted restrictions on trade, the system of slavery, received many a shake at his hands, though the time had not yet come for their full or entire abolition.

In 1811 Raffles was appointed Governor of the great and magnificent island of Java, where about six millions of inhabitants were benefited by his wise and liberal rule. In 1816 he returned to England, and shortly after Java was restored to its former masters and oppressors the Dutch, whose illiberal policy

soon undid all the good he had done. It is very interesting to see with what earnestness he pleaded the cause of the Javanese as long as there was any hope of being of service to them, and how deeply and constantly he regretted their condition when that hope was gone. He generally looked on the bright side of human nature, and he saw in those poor heathens the germ of many virtues, and the fair promise of an intellectual development. In 1817 he was named Governor of Bencoolen, in Sumatra, at which island he arrived in the spring of the following year. With his characteristic energy and activity he immediately began to explore the island. On his arrival he was told by every body that it was impossible to penetrate into the interior. "We will try," said Sir Stamford; and in a few months he penetrated everywhere, crossing that large island in several directions. Much to her credit, Lady Raffles accompanied him on these expeditions, which were fatiguing, difficult, and dangerous. They had to go through forests swarming with elephants, rhinoceroses, tigers, and other wild beasts, to cross tremendous mountains, and descend rapid rivers on weak bamboo rafts.

In a few months more, they knew more about Sumatra than had ever been known by an European, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr Marsden. At the same time Sir Stamford turned his attention to the erecting of schools for the natives, and to the devising such laws and regulations as might extend their trade, give security to their property, suppress piracy, and induce habits of industry and social order.

In 1818, when the Dutch were really threatening to shut us out of those Eastern seas, Sir Stamford, after many obstacles on the part of the Governor-General, the Marquis of Hastings, was authorized to form a new establishment at Singapore, an admirable spot of his own choosing, which has risen most rapidly in commercial importance, and is now (since the opening of the China trade) rising faster than ever. Lady Raffles says—

"Independently of the tribes of the Archipelago, the situation of Singapore (close to the Malay peninsula) is peculiarly favourable for its becoming the entrepot to which the native mariners of Siam, Cambodia, Chiampa, Cochinchina, and China itself, may annually resort. It is to the straits of Singapore that their merchants are always bound in the first instance; and if, on their arrival in them, they find a market for their goods, and the means of supplying their wants, they have no inducement to proceed to the more distant, unhealthy, and expensive Dutch fort of Batavia. The passage from China can be made in less than six days."

In a letter to Mr Marsden, Sir Stamford says,—
"Singapore is every thing we could desire, it will soon rise into importance; and with this single station I would undertake to counteract all the plans of Myneer; it breaks the spell; and they are no longer the exclusive sovereigns of the Eastern seas. This place possesses an excellent harbour, and every thing that can be desired for a British port in the island of St John's, which forms the South-Western point of the harbour. We have commenced an intercourse with all ships passing through the straits of Singapore."

Sir Stamford was accustomed to call Singapore his political child—a child of his own—his darling child; and he informs us that, but for his Malay studies, and his intercourse with Malay people, he should hardly have known such a place existed; not only the European, but the Indian world also being ignorant of it. Six hundred years before, it had been the flourishing capital of the Malays, but it had fallen into ruin.

In 1822 Sir Stamford was again at Singapore, busily engaged in establishing a constitution for that prosperous settlement.

"The utmost possible freedom of trade and equal rights to all, with protection of property and person, are the objects to be attained, and I shall spare no pains to establish such laws and regulations as may be most conducive to them. In Java I had to remodel, and in doing so, to remove the rubbish and encumbrances of two centuries of Dutch mal-administration—here I have an easier task, and the task is new."

On the unhealthy coast of Sumatra death had been in his house.—He had recently lost children and friends, but his ardent soul revived and bounded again as he looked around him at Singapore, though with the timidity or misgiving that follows on long

sorrow and misfortune, he exclaimed, "May this child, at least live,—Oh! rob me not of this my political child."

"Here," he says, "all is life and activity; and it would be difficult to name a place on the face of the globe with brighter prospects or more present satisfaction. In little more than three years it has risen from an insignificant fishing-village to a large and prosperous town, containing at least 10,000 inhabitants of all nations, actively engaged in commercial pursuits, which afford to each and all a handsome livelihood and abundant profit. There are no complaints here of want of employment, no deficiency of rents, or dissatisfaction at taxes. Land is rapidly rising in value, and instead of the present number of inhabitants, we have reason to expect that we shall have at least ten times as many before many years have passed. This may be considered as the simple but almost magical result of that perfect freedom of trade which it has been my good fortune to establish."

We cannot lengthen our extracts, but most earnestly do we recommend all this part of the Memoirs to the attention and study of our readers.

In the month of February 1824, after a service of many years, and with a worn-out constitution, Sir Stamford quitted Sumatra, and sailed for England. On the first night he was at sea the ship caught fire, when she was about fifty miles from land. Though they had a very narrow escape, no lives were lost, and passengers and crew got safely back to Bencoolen; but everything on board perished, the flames devouring Sir Stamford's magnificent collections in natural history, his splendid collection of drawings, his numerous and rare Oriental books and manuscripts, and all his valuable papers, notes, and observations. This was a great, a cruel, and irremediable loss; but he seems to have supported it with admirable equanimity. At last, in August 1824, Sir Stamford reached his native land, where he fondly promised himself a long enjoyment of competence and literary leisure. At the recommendation of the late Mr Wilberforce, who, a short time before, had purchased an adjoining estate, Sir Stamford bought a pretty house with a park and pleasant gardens, at Highwood Hill, a little to the west of the great Northern road, between Hendon, Totteridge, and Barnet. He took possession of that place in July 1825, and there he expired on the 5th of July 1826. He was only forty-five years old; but such a life is not to be counted by common days, weeks, months, and years. From his boyhood upwards he crowded small spaces of time with large and honourable actions. He did more work, he thought more, and (as we are disposed to believe, in spite of many crosses), enjoyed more in one day than the large majority of even active intellectual men do in three days. In this sense he was an old man; his life far exceeded the Scriptural allotment of threescore years and ten; and if we take into account the sum of happiness he conferred on his too long oppressed and abused fellow men, and let good deeds stand for years, he was as old as any of the antediluvian patriarchs.

His History of Java will preserve his name in the literature of his country. All that he did for natural history, and for the encouragement and generous assistance of those who gave themselves up to the study of it, are things well known to the large and constantly increasing class of naturalists. But, we believe, the public in general does not sufficiently bear in mind that to his active exertions in 1824, 5, and 6, we are mainly indebted for the establishment of the Zoological Society, and that admirable exhibition, the Zoological Gardens. When he was in Europe in 1816, on passing through Paris, he was struck with the Jardin des Plantes, the Zoological Gardens of that capital, and was anxious to see something of the same sort in London; and when he returned to England for good, in 1824, he took up the subject with his usual activity—an activity that neither time nor declining health could check or discourage. He had only been a few months in London when he suggested the plan to the late Sir Humphrey Davy, and owing to the influence, the representations, and correspondence of these two remarkable men, a subscription list was soon filled, and the plan carried into effect. Our readers are not the good people we delight to fancy them, if they do not feel the pleasures of a stroll in the Zoological Gardens

enhanced by associating with that beautiful place the beautiful memory of a man like Thomas Stamford Raffles.

WALLACE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

The History of England, continued from the late Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh. Vol. V. (Dr Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. 69). 12mo. London. 1835. Pp. 369. 6s.

THIS second volume of the continuation of the late Sir James Mackintosh's History commences with the accession of Charles I, in 1625, and brings down the narrative of events to the fatal fight of Naseby in 1645. These twenty years form unquestionably the most stirring portion of the history of England: the heroic tale is here at its highest swell. It was then that were really undergone the heavings and throes of the mighty struggle which issued in the establishment of the ascendancy of the popular principle in the constitution, over the power of old prerogative; that great revolution was only brought to rest in 1688, its strain and consummating crash, which shook the kingdom to the centre, took place forty years before. What was done in 1688 is properly called a settlement; the true Revolution had been already effected. Even the great example of a King de-throned—that triumphal monument of the victory of the new principle—had been already set up, and that too, it must be confessed, whatever we may think of the matter in other points of view, in a style as much bolder and more imposing than that adopted on the second occasion, as the spirit of original genius is loftier and more daring than that of the mere imitative faculty. And such was really the difference between the men. Those of each period were perhaps best fitted for the work they had to perform; but undoubtedly there can be no comparison made, in respect either of intellectual height and capacity, or of moral grandeur of purpose and of action, between the expediency politicians who managed the arrangement of 1688, and the leaders of the national cause—many of them, like the Agamemnons and the Achilleses of old, equally ready for the council and the battle—in that modern heroic age, the era of the Great Rebellion.

Mr Wallace, the author of the present History, is not exactly what was called the other night in the House of Lords "a Whig and something more," but rather the "something more" of that phrase, without the "Whig." In his treatment of the momentous transactions which come under his review, he takes a side, and a strong one; but his work is written throughout in a generous spirit, and displays none of the narrow-mindedness, the intolerance, the unfairness, and the other hateful qualities that belong to the mere party-man. His mode of maintaining his principles may by some be deemed stern, and his condemnation of the conduct of which he disapproves occasionally harsh, and evidencing less allowance than a philosopher would make for the force of circumstances bearing upon the common weakness of humanity; but he does not, like the mere party hack, either enviously and spitefully toil to dim all lustre of character or of conduct that does not adorn his own side of the question, or as blindly and foolishly pass over, or try to hide from view, the faults of those with whom he goes along in their leading spirit and objects. Thus, although he carries his admiration of the founders of the Commonwealth farther than a Tory or even than most Whigs would, he expresses without scruple and without ceremony his want of sympathy with the theological bigotry which mixed so largely in their motives and proceedings, and while it no doubt contributed powerfully to sustain their ardour and fortitude, so often made men act tyrannically or ridiculously. On the whole, however to the lover of liberty this will be an inspiring book. It is, perhaps, the most effectual exposition that has yet been given of that course of insolence, perfidy, tyranny, and folly, on the part of Charles, which drove the parliament and the nation into resistance, and rendered everything that followed inevitable. The statement is chiefly one of facts, and these, to

a great extent, delivered in the words of the original witnesses or documents; but they are arranged and disposed with very considerable art, and the few reflections which the severe fashion of the narrative admits, are in general remarkably pertinent, and introduced and expressed in a manner that makes them strike home with their whole force. The style of the work is rather vigorous than very elegant or tasteful; but it is a sufficiently expressive vehicle of the author's spirit and sentiments. Altogether, looking both to this point and to the reading and research displayed in it, the literary merits of the performance are of a very superior order.

The following passage, which is the only extract for which we have room, will convey a very good idea of the author's manner of narration;—

"On the 25th of February (1649), a sub-committee of religion presented a long and elaborate report of 'heads of articles to be insisted on by the house.' Charles, to ward off this terrible array of charges, chiefly aimed at the Arminian system, so called, of Laud, sent a command to both houses to adjourn to the 26th of March. This command had the effect of drawing from Sir John Elliot a denunciation of Weston, lord treasurer, as the enemy of the commonwealth, following in the footsteps of his master, the great duke, and the author of this interruption to the proceedings of the house. 'They go about,' said he, 'to break parliaments, but parliament will break them.' The speaker delivered the king's command to adjourn. Several declared that it was not the speaker's business to deliver such a message, and that adjournment was a matter for the house only. Sir John Elliot produced a remonstrance to the king against tonnage and poundage, and desired it should be read by the speaker. The speaker refused. He then desired it should be read by the clerk at the table. The clerk also refused. This fearless champion of the public liberty then read it himself, and demanded of the speaker to put it to the vote. The speaker said, 'he was commanded otherwise by the king.' Selden reminded him of his paramount duty to the house by his office. He replied that he had an express command from the king that upon delivering the message of adjournment he should rise; and he accordingly was about to leave the chair. Several members, among whom were Holles and Valentine, forced him back into the chair, whilst Sir Thomas Edmonds and other courtiers endeavoured to release him. Holles swore the speaker should sit still until it pleased them to rise. He wept and entreated; said he would sacrifice his life for his country, but durst not sin against the command of his sovereign. Sir Peter Hayman renounced him for his kinsman, as a blot to his family. Neither advice nor threats could prevail, and Holles read and put to the vote the following protest:—'1st. Whoever shall bring in innovation in religion, or by favour seek to extend or introduce popery or Arminianism, or other opinions disagreeing from the true and orthodox church, shall be reputed a capital enemy to this kingdom and commonwealth. 2nd. Whosoever shall counsel or advise the taking and levying of the subsidies of tonnage and poundage, not being granted by parliament, or shall be an actor or instrument therein, shall be likewise reputed an innovator in the government, and a capital enemy to this kingdom and commonwealth. 3rd. If any merchant, or other person whatsoever, shall voluntarily yield or pay the said subsidies of tonnage and poundage, not being granted by parliament, he shall likewise be reputed a betrayer of the liberty of England, and an enemy to the same.'

"Whilst this protest was pending, a message from the king commanded the sergeant to bring away his mace, as the means of putting a stop to all proceedings. The house not only prevented his going, but deprived him of the key of the door, which was locked. Upon this the usher of the black rod knocked at the door in the king's name, and was refused entrance. Charles, in a transport of rage, sent for the guard to force open the door; but the commons, meanwhile, having voted their protest, adjourned to the following 10th of March.

"On that day the king came to the house of lords, and after a speech in which he called the patriot members of the house of commons vipers, who should have their rewards, commanded the lord keeper to declare the parliament dissolved. Several of the commons were present, but the house had not received the usual command to attend.

"The members thus termed vipers, and threatened with his vengeance by the king, were already in his grasp. The proclamation for the dissolution of parliament was signed on the 3rd, but kept back to the 10th of March. Meanwhile Elliot, Holles, Selden, Valentine, Coryton, Hobart, Hayman, Long, and Stroud, who had been active in the scene of the protest, were commanded, by warrant, to appear before the privy council. All except the two last presented

themselves, but refused to answer out of the house what they had said in it, and were committed to the Tower. Stroud and Long also came in upon the issue of a proclamation for apprehending them, and were committed, like the former. The studies of Holles, Elliot, Selden, Long, and Valentine were entered, and their papers seized by the king's warrant.

"The king issued a long declaration of his reasons for the dissolution. It rather exasperated than assuaged the public discontent. The people threatened his advisers, and clamoured for a parliament. Charles, with his obstinate and despotic infatuation, issued a proclamation announcing his present disuse of parliaments, and forbidding, as a presumption, the mention of them.

"It is astonishing that this prince, after the experience of his father's reign and his own, should hope to eradicate from the very heart of the English people their attachment to a parliamentary government as their birthright. Never was there an occasion less favourable for his purpose. He had, it is true, the patriot chiefs caged in the Tower; but it was too late. They had already launched the petition of rights upon the great ocean of the popular mind. Tyranny might imprison or slay them; or they might be tortured into a recantation, and prove recreant to their principles; but the petition of rights was irrevocable.

"Those champions of liberty whom Charles sent to the Tower were no less heroes than the patriots of Marathon and Thermopylae. Their position, viewed without reference to the event, was, perhaps, a more trying test of courage and character than the most fearful odds in battle, or the most forlorn defence of a pass. The terrors of the star-chamber, with its iniquitous judgments and atrocious punishments, were uncertain and prolonged. To face them demanded resolution the most sustained and fearless, a tone of mind the most firm, and elastic courage of the highest order, physical and moral. It is to these brave and virtuous patriots, whose names were long covered with obloquy or oblivion, that the English nation owes the preservation of its liberty."

COMMERCIAL POCKET GUIDE.

The Merchant's and Banker's Pocket Guide. 16mo. Glasgow: M'Phun. 1835. pp. 124.

This little manual, or waistcoat-pocket compendium, is as intelligently compiled, as it is neatly and attractively printed and got up. It is calculated to be of great and general utility, not only in the mercantile world, but as an elementary exposition of the principles and the practice of commerce for readers of all classes.

The first chapter contains within the space of eighteen pages definitions of all the more important technical terms of commerce, such as Agio, Assignee, Auction, Average, Balance of Accounts and of Trade, Barratry, Bill, Broker, Charter-party, Check, Consul, Customs, Discount, Drawback, Excise, Freight, Manifest, Money, Partnership, Pawnbroker, Quarantine, Receipt, Sample, &c. &c. These short articles are written with much precision and clearness, and under many of the heads a great deal of information is given respecting both the law and the political economy of the subject treated of. The second chapter is on Bankruptcy, the laws in regard to which, both in England and Scotland, are explained. In chapter third, on the Banking System, after a short introductory notice of early Banks, the writer proceeds to consider in succession the subjects of the general principles of Banking—the Bank of England—English Private and Provincial Banks—Banking in Scotland—Banking in Ireland—and Foreign Banks. The fourth chapter is devoted to an account of the origin, history, and present state of the East India Company, and of the trade with China. Chapter fifth is on the important subject of Exchange—and after an explanation of Bills of Exchange, and of the variations in foreign Exchanges, concludes with a table of the value of the most important foreign coins, extracted from Dr Kelly's 'Cambist.' The sixth chapter explains the general principles affecting prices, and presents a table of the rise or fall per cent, from 1826 to 1833 inclusive, on the prices of the chief British staple commodities, and articles of East and West India produce. The

seventh chapter contains a short account of the principal English and Continental fairs and markets. The eighth chapter is on the Funds, and explains the principles of the Funding System, the progress and present state of the National Debt, the mode of transferring Stock, and the practice of business at the Stock Exchange. The subject of Insurance, including Fire Insurance, Life Insurance, and Marine Insurance, is discussed in the ninth chapter; and the tenth and last consists of a collection of useful tables, of the values of foreign coins, of annuities, of interest, of wages, of foreign linen measures, of the monies, weights, and measures of India and China, &c.

The opinions of the writer upon the various subjects on which he touches are in general sound and liberal, and in conformity with those that have been advocated by the ablest recent authorities, Adam Smith, Mr Macculloch, Mr Senior, Dr Hamilton, Ricardo, &c. The following short extract may serve as a specimen of the manner in which the work is executed:—

EXCHANGE.

"Suppose D of Glasgow owes X of Bourdeaux 1000*l*. It will of course be more convenient for D to pay X in this country, if the thing be possible, than to run the risk and incur the expense of transmitting so large a sum of money by post. Now if X of Bourdeaux should at this time be indebted in the same amount of 1000*l*. to A of Glasgow, or in the sum of 500*l*. to B of Edinburgh, the transaction betwixt D and X can be cheaply and expeditiously settled by the former procuring X's letter authorizing him to pay A 1000*l*., or A and B 500*l*. each. Or supposing that X has no debts in this country, but that another merchant of Bourdeaux has occasion to pay 1000*l*. in Scotland, in such a case it is also obvious that the transaction betwixt D and X could be settled without the transmission of money from one country to another. Hence the origin of foreign bills of exchange. D of Glasgow having a payment to make in Bourdeaux, does not remit the money, but buys a bill upon Bourdeaux, that is, an order from some one having a debt due to him in Bourdeaux, to pay the amount of it to D of Glasgow, or his order. D then indorses this bill, and sends it to his creditor X in Bourdeaux, who receives payment from his neighbour merchant. All parties are benefited by this transaction: two debts are discharged in two different countries, without the risk of transmitting money, and one stamp and a few postages are the only expenses incurred.

"A bill of exchange then is 'an order addressed to some person residing at a distance, directing him to pay a certain specified sum to the person in whose favour the bill is drawn, or his order.'"

The information in the following table may be new to some of our readers, and will be found useful in reading historical works and old documents relating to Scotland:—

"Scottish money was abolished, as a circulating medium, by the Articles of Union; but the 'valued rent' of lands, and in many places of the feu-duties, minister's stipends, schoolmasters' salaries, and other parochial burdens, are still reckoned by the pound, or merk Scots, though paid in Sterling money.

1 penny, or doyt	=	$\frac{1}{12}$ d.
2 pennies	1 bodle,	$\frac{1}{6}$ d.
2 bodles	1 plack, or groat	$\frac{1}{4}$ d.
3 placks	1 bawbee,	$\frac{1}{2}$ d.
12 pennies	1 shilling,	1d.
20 shillings	1 pound,	20d.
13 shillings and 4 pennies	1 merk,	13d.
18 merks, or 12 pounds	1 pound Sterling.	

* Macculloch.

LONDON:

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